

SELECT
PATHETIC AND THRILLING POEMS

PAMPHLET FORM

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LOVE FOR GOD.

The elements of emotion of human heart
Echo and re-echo with throbs of joy, happiness surpassed.
The name of God when spoken stirs the heart and cells of mortal
beings' brain,
Does it link with "Spirit," "Angelic," "Fame" of "Heaven's"
realms?
Christian mind on earth can fathom depths—
Responsive echoes answer It's the Love for "God."
Sorrow, bereavement dwell at times in mortal beings,
Love of "God" is balm, brings joy, no pain,
What so sweet in "Prayer" Love for "God?"
Time and Tide wait for none, even tho' mortal Fame
"Jehovah Supreme!"
Science never perfection. In thunder and lightning
Tide ebbs and flows. In imagination of man
Artificial wonders achieve, intellect refines, but in love for humanity
The wonders of "God" define Creation.
Humanity can never fathom only in "Spirit" and Love for "God"

THE SOUL.

Can conception of Mind of Humanity but
Admire the wonders of God's creative
Love displayed.
As a star darts through space from
"Heaven's" realms.
Its destiny in all its glory. A babe
To receive mystic enveloped cloud,
Linked to Body-Infant claimed.
In flowers of earth emblematic
Of Love, Purity and Innocence
All one combined
To meet its "Christ" and Shepherd
In Smile.
Life is given Human Frame
As Caterpillar then Butterfly,
What for!
"For Angelic" Fame in
Lustre of shining light
And for "Jesus" to reclaim.

LOVE IN THE FOREST.

In the still forest echo and re-echo,
Sound of rippling stream and splash of swimming trout in playful glee.
"Jehovah's Love" and "Creation" defined;
The dusky Indian maiden of the woodlands, daughter of a chief,
Softly treads Indian Trail, in water paddles birch canoe,
To meet at lovers' trysting place, where no white mortal being ever trod.
Flowers of the forest droop in beauty as she passes to catch smiles
Of Love and Innocence, emblematic of the Flower of the Forest.
She smiles. Is it love?
The sweet melody of the whipporwill and songs of birds and twitter of
chipmunk,
And squirrel swell tones of music thro forest trees in their glee,
Is it love?
Little log house, House of "God," where pioneer met with hearty shake
of hand,
Where "Prayer" and "Love" did grow—
Love in the Forest.

Now do we care for Landmark or Forest tree, Innocence and Beauty,
 Axe to cut and leave stump to rot for wealth and glory;
 Nor hear the cry nor see the tear of Indian hunter,
 To flee for other woods,
 To hunt bison and deer for Him,
 Love in the Forest.
 In autumn crimson leaf in forest shores, in pioneer log house of "Prayer"
 Wigwam, Indian Trail, where Life and Love are now no more,
 In "Spirit land" and "Spirit Heart," whispers, Oh, Nature, in its Love
 and Beauty,
 Why not let alone to enjoy memories of love, reflections bring back in
 memory
 One clasp of hand and glove.
 The gentle breeze where once crimson leaf in autumn shade did fall.
 Now do sigh o'er meadows, hill, Indian Trail and glen and soft respon-
 sive sweet memories of pioneer Life and Love and Fame,
 Where once the dusky warrior stood, now in old age memory faded,
 Of the oak so tall, for Love in your heart for forest dwells in nature and
 Love defined.

ANGEL'S MESSAGE TO BOY AND GIRL SCOUTS.

(Complimentary to Boy and Girl Scouts in Canada, etc.)

In the realms of Heaven's Beauty
 Can Humanity enjoy a more beautiful
 Gaze
 Far above the bright blue sky
 Embodies the radiant splendour of reflections
 Symbols of dazzling gems of transparent beauty
 Of the Twinkling Stars.
 Oh, where is Heaven's "abode?"
 Is it not a general centre?
 God's abode of transparent beauty!
 Around it millions of revolving solar systems fly
 Where Jehovah plants His throne
 Casting reflections from Sun, Stars, and Moon,
 Which throw their resplendent beauty
 Where Mother, Father, Brother, and Sister
 Long to meet their little Tot Angels and Loved ones
 Emblematic of "Christ's" love for little Children
 "He" stands upon the "Rock of Ages;"
 Angels surround "Him"
 He looks through the canopy that surrounds earth
 Again and again
 Where once "He" met "His" death for love
 Of Humanity;
 A smile upon "His" lips,
 Among the "Angels" a commotion.
 They follow "His" gaze across that mighty Gulf,
 Which separates "Heaven" and Earth,
 Upon earthly brinks stand, staff in hand
 The lovely Girl and Boy Scout to do
 "His" bidding.
 Is it to train for love or war
 Among you mighty nations
 Or is it for Love and comfort to your
 Christian little Brother and Sister
 And be auxiliaries
 To mental strain of the noble man who
 "Preaches" God's pleasant and "Holy"
 Words and whose lips are pure.

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WAR.

Is it for war or "Christ " you are training
For nations that are great
For "Angelic" future in Heaven's eternity?
While on earth to comfort and win Boy
And Girl "Souls,"
Purity developed in manhood or sisterhood,
Steadfast in "God's" great love
Is not the Canopy of "Heaven's " Grandeur
Our Home both rich and poor
And Freedom, not the wail of Death,
Or cruel Prison Gates' wail and despair
Your message, lovely Girl and Boy Scout,
Is to comfort and cheer little Boys and Girls
With love and example
Trusting in "Christ's" love,
That is the message I will telegraph
To my "Angel" Guide by mystic thought,
To you may peace, not war, but Love
On earth abide.

ANSWER.

Kind "Angel" received your message full
Of Love. Thanks from Boy and Girl guides in
"Prayer" and Joy,
The Maple Leaf our emblem in
Nature's gifts
First our duty to a Loving "Master Christ"
In all its Glory,

World progress, sin to fight.
Where once prison cell and bar
Now Scout drilling and playing ground
And prison's ground laid bare,
Where once moans of pain, Sorrow and Remorse
Did hear.

No friend had they but grief and fear,
Until brave Scouts come near

The Devil revels in glory.

The Bugle calls he must go

General rout no future despair. Forgive and Forget,

Next our Duty call in war,

To arms, homes "protect" Loved ones dear
Sister Scouts "wound to dress," no fear. For
Scouts are near.

'Tis sad war should be, but calls us to the front
King and Country, in love, shed our blood
For Supremacy, "In mystic thoughts," 'Tis the answer
We give to thee "Sweet Angel in Prayer."

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

To forgive is "Angelic" test for
"Christ is blest.

Noble actions, elements of hand, heart and love,
Display. To forget drives all unkind
Thoughts away,

From mortal beings.

Development of mind, refinement

Proof and test to forget.

Balm, to heart and hand in "God's"

Creative designs.

One effort of Thought, in Time,
Refines the Christian mind,
In mystic thoughts for
Humanity love for them defined.

MONOTONY.

Procrastination, the Thief of Time with
Drooping eyelids, Sleep begins before ebb of Time
In Christian love. Duty refined
Your love and interest for your employer,
Love defined
The Lily, Rose and flowers of the forest in
Emblems combined,
Purity, Love and Innocence
For Christian brother and sister. Refinement
In Emblems, Business defined.

Happy hearts, "Spirit" prompts
Us in duty, our employer gladly finds
Beauty—Roses on the cheeks
Can "fade" Responsive echo
Beauty is not color, but
"Christ's" love defined in smile.

CREATIVE BEAUTY AND HUMANITY.

Is Beauty a "Heavenly Gift Divine,"
In conception of Talent or Definition,
Vocabularies eulogized defined.
In realms of "Heaven's" splendor can be searched
To find in solar systems in general revolve,
Can Science in its great searches find, beyond
The pretty blue sky,

Where earth once formed
In Darkness intense. From whence in metallic orb in
Shape did glide, in pretty "Heaven's" space,
Through dark crevices it sped between darkness, and
New formed sky of transparent beauty of twinkling
Stars to seek an orbit to revolve.

In gaseous vapors form revolve for
Future Home Humanity's Gifts Divine,

A Hardened Crust, from
Pole to pole, with carpets of moss untold,
Upon this heated Earth of matter rock, from Speed and,
Velocity as it turns. Down from creative clouds and atmosphere
Pour torrents of rain, to fill crevices in Mother rock, ready
To receive in basins, seas, oceans, rivers and lakes.
Mother rock, carpets of moss decay, strata to lay, for
Trees and vegetation to grow, and water flow.
Now a twinkling planet star in its beauty
This new world now dotted, green meadows, seas, lakes and rivers in
Their glory reflections of resplendent beauty of this
Twinkling star, from waters pure. Can Talent otherwise
Define dazzling beauty of transparent gems of "Heaven's" realms
Jehovah's Creation

In Beauty defined

HUMANITY.

Then comes Humanity in "Divine" form and beauty
To rule our Earth's "Paradise"

Infant, Purity, Love and Innocence
"Gift" of "God."

For perfection belongs only to "Jehovah" supreme in all its glory

A kiss from "Jesus" on Infant's brow, "His"
Love supreme, developed in manhood, womanhood
Brings Beauty's form and smile,

Beauty defined.

Roses on the cheeks and health can fade, but the Love of "Jesus" that
Springs from brain cells and active Heart in smile,

And dimple on face, elements of Beauty of Humanity,
Beauty defined.

For beauty of a smile of "Jesus," in humanity is for
Eternity and can never fade,

Beauty again defined.

KETAWA, THE LITTLE INDIAN CAPTIVE'S PRAYER.

Tears may fall, but joy to come.

Through wigwam, through forest trees,
In silent tread, softly through green,
And crimson leaf, where acorns grow,
To knoll of moss, his little place of "Prayer"

On bended knees, and clasp of little hands
And curls hanging o'er brow.

He looks and gazes with smiling hazel eyes
In mystic thoughts "of Christ" beyond

The pretty sky.

Traits he learns of Indian tribe, not to cry,
For cruel beech gad and lash teaches him not
To cry, to know their wish, not afraid to die,

In snake-like crawl, in Indian form with tomahawk
Scalping knife, chief Ma-am-boo called

The Running Deer.

In Indian instinct closer to his little victim

In war paint, hawk feather and uplifted

Arm, to strike with aim,

And curly scalp to lift

He listens to little victim's "prayer" to "God"

Covered with hanging scalps of white mortal beings

Both young and old. He sees the Chief,

I love you chief, why strike me, the boy cries

I love you and nature's forest with flowers bright

And now no father on earth but you.

The chirp of chipmunk, birds and cowbell

Through forest ring, music in soft responsive

Echoes through the trees, flowers in gems of glory

Nature's gifts "of God" to light the green and crimson

Forest, in nature's love.

The missing Chief Ma-am-boo and victim

From Indian wigwam missed by Sa-chems and,

Warriors, in war paint of green, on scent and run on,

Path or Indian trail, follow on Chief's path,

To revel on little victim's pain,

For to be missed and found means death
The head Chief Ma-am-boo they behold,
Standing erect with folded arms, then,
Upon his knees beside Ketawa in "Prayer"
A little arm around Chief's neck, and
Tears held back, tears in Indian and Chief and in eyes of
Indian Chief's Sa-chems.

Did now flow to meet rippling stream in
Response to echo through the hillside glen
And dale of forest in its course birch canoe to row
Forgive and forget as we want to do,
To trouble Pale face no more, and
Have Pale face for Sa-chems' friends. To
Help hunt the Deer and Bison too. You know
Brother Sa-chems and warriors, the white man
May and may not be, for Greed of Gold
And drive us from our hunting grounds, where
Bison roamed, prairies, where pitched
Our homes and our wigwams lie.
Back, back, Red man of the forest cries
The Pale face, what care we for Forgive
And Forget. The wood of the forest and flower,
Innocence and Beauty and rotted stump, where
Once Sa-chems with their warriors stood
Under that old oak tree in Indian council
That in all its Nature and Beauty, dug up
To clear land for Pale face, for wealth
And Glory, what say you to this Brave
Chief Ma-am-boo, from your

Indian Braves.

We fought the white man to protect our homes,
And hunting grounds. Now poor Red Indian
Has to go; Ma-am-boo with folded arms,
And uplifted head and arms, stretched forth,
Hand pointed towards pretty sky
"Warriors, Sa-chems from words of
Foster Son," Ketawa in "Prayer,"
Did teach me. 'Tis good to Forgive and Forget,
In Humanity all colors of race
In "Spirit Land" all the same,
For the "Great Spirit" tells Ma-am-boo,
Loves the forest in Primitive Glory, in
Its Nature and Beauty. Time rolls on,
Forest swept away by axe and plow,
Tree and clay near once loved Stream.
To build "Church," House of "Prayer,"
For Indian, Pale face, Ketawa and Papoose too,
Now friends of Indian Sa-chems orators of the past,
Peace at last.
Ma-am-boo, Ketawa hand in hand
Leads foster son, little chief, through forest trails
To meet loved ones, his home now free from grief.
'Tis well, Ma-am-boo Indian Sa-chem chief
Met him, in captive fate, for
He taught me by "Prayer," that there is a "loving"
Saviour for all
Even the Red man too,
For in "Prayer," the little captive knew.

ALBERTA, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE'S PLEA.

In the far West, untrodden by Pale Face,
Where grass so green, where Deer and Bison,
Roam, where sparkling streams teemed
With fish and water fowl, and Indian in birch
Canoe row, hunt in forest, prairie,
Under "Heaven's" Canopy.

In silent wigwams Sa-chem
Warriors meet, oratory flows from
Sa-chem's lips, Alberta's pioneer child
Little knew, what future fate in store
To endure.

She pleads oh! Indian why so cruel,
My loved ones, memory so sweet
Oh take me not to stake, unbind my cords,
When wounded chief
Lay faint on ground, no friend had he,
Relief I gave and bound his wound
On Indian trail. In silent tread
Through forest flowers in their beauty,
Would think Red man have pity.

Through pathless forest
Roams with captive Pale Face maiden,
Reserved for stake, torture to endure,
Oh, Sa-chem warriors, in all your glory
Let me plead
Once more, I love you Red man and forest,
Too, On prairie, wide and long, nature's gifts
In your wigwams, no prison like Pale-
Face, so dreary, but Freedom not,
Despair. For poor Red man, game plenty,
Eat and live in glory.

With folded arms, Great
Sa-chem warrior stood, to answer Alberta
Many moons gone by, when game and bison
Plenty, on our happy hunting grounds
Sa-chem warrior orators not needed. Pale Face
Across the briny sea, want our forest, land and our hunting grounds.
Crooked tongue promise, never fulfil
With bullet thin our game and drive Red man back.

Back, back, Red man of the forest,
We want your trees to make cabins, land to
Till and game to kill.

Back, Red man, back.
Tear in eye poor indian, we want your bison,
And deer of the forest.
Gold, gold, untold glory
Around council tree, Sa-chem warriors
Gather, in anger, love for
Pale Face now no more,
Bow and arrow, tree in nature give,
Deer hide, to twang bow, arrow fly
True to aim, heart to pierce, arrow sure, but,
Bullet quick.
On pretty spot nature's gift, once wigwam stood,
Now on other grounds Red man takes his stand,
Back, back, Red man
Nature's gifts for us.

What care we, where Red man goes
Where few deer and bison, now roam
Back, back, Red man, we want,
Your home and hunting grounds, more,
Pale Face to grow.

Now Pale Face maiden
Speak to me, Sa-chem warrior, her
Answer, sorrow conquer Pale Face greed,
Small piece land Pale Face give, for
Indian corn to grow, Pale Face captive sorry too,
With swift steps, towards Pale Face maiden
Rushed Re-ha-woo, daughter of Sa-chem chief
Hold in anger, lest you strike sister,
Of the forest. Listen to the music and warble
Of the birds, moan of fawn, bison and deer
And hiss of angry King snakes, her forest
Playmates, she holds so dear, she pleads
For Pale Face, Indian maiden's sister
As flowers of the forest trodden under feet
When Indian brother in wounded state
Brave good Pale Face bound his wounds,
Indian, Red man, no forget,
Pale Face reaches sister, "Great Spirit" Loves all men,
Indian, Papoose, Pale Face maiden too
One Love, Christian Faith,
Forgive and Forget
Our future fate
Sa-chem warriors, answer, tell the
Pale Face maiden, Alberta
She is free.

